

The
Hundred Pound
Note

Farce in 2 acts

By
Richard B. Peake

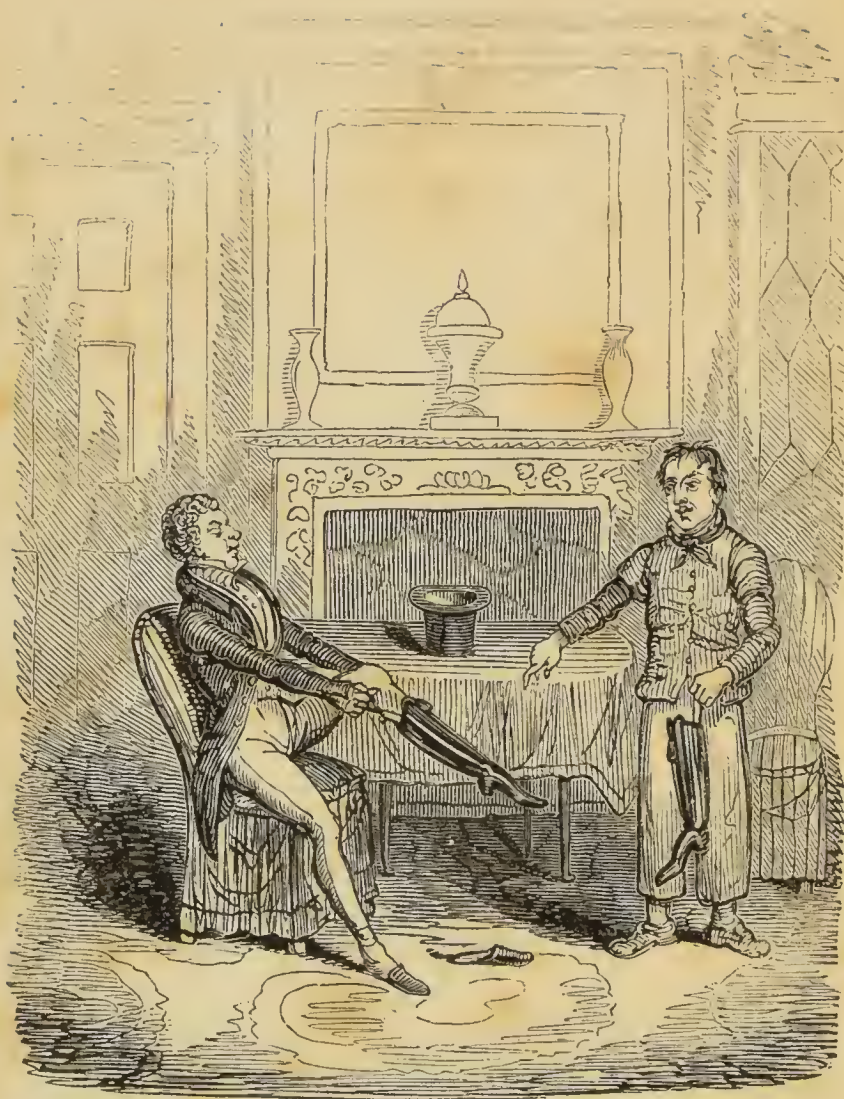


H

The hundred pound
note

Fare 2 act

By Richard B Peake Esq



R. Cruikshank, Del.

G. W. Bonner, Sc.

The Hundred Pound Note.

Billy Black. Why is pulling on your boots like angling? Do you give it up, sir?

Act I. Scene 3.

THE HUNDRED POUND NOTE:

A FARCE,

In Two Acts,

BY RICHARD BRINSLEY PEAKE, ESQ.

Author of The Duel, Amateurs and Actors, "Master's Rival," The Haunted Inn, Comfortable Lodgings, &c.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D.—G.

To which are added,

DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,—
ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE OF
THE STAGE BUSINESS,

As now performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING,

By MR. BONNER, from a Drawing taken in the Theatre, by
MR. R. CRUIKSHANK.

LONDON :

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 2, CUMBERLAND TERRACE,
CAMDEN NEW TOWN.

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Cast of the Characters,

As originally performed at Covent Garden Theatre.

<i>Montmorency</i>	Mr. Jones.
<i>Morgan (a Welsh Attorney)</i>	Mr. Blanchard.
<i>Janus (an Innkeeper)</i>	Mr. Bartley.
<i>Paperfund</i>	Mr. Chapman.
<i>Billy Black (Boots)</i>	Mr. Keeley.
<i>Grady O'Shocknessy</i>	Mr. Power.
<i>Bilker</i>	Mr. Evans.
<i>Waiters</i>	Messrs. Mears, &c.
<i>Constables</i>	Messrs. Atkins, &c.
<i>Bob (Ostler)</i>	Mr. Sutton.
<i>Post Boy</i>	Mr. Heath.
<i>Lady Pedigree</i>	Mrs. Davenport.
<i>Mrs. Arlington</i>	Mrs. Faucit.
<i>Harriet Arlington</i>	Madame Vestris.
<i>Nurse</i>	Mrs. Weston.

Costume.

MONTMORENCY.—Green Newmarket coat—buff waistcoat and pantaloons—Hessian boots.

MORGAN.—Drab great coat—old-fashioned black coat and waistcoat—leather breeches—black top-boots.

JANUS.—Blue coat—buff waistcoat—black pantaloons—striped stockings—shoes—powdered wig and tail.

PAPERFUND.—Black coat and waistcoat—drab trousers—brown great coat—shovel hat.

BILLY BLACK.—Fustian jacket—very short corderoy trousers—red waistcoat, with worsted sleeves—fur and leather cap—coloured neckerchief—worsted stockings—high-low shoes.

GRADY O'SHOCKNESSY.—Shabby military undress blue coat red waistcoat—short white canvas trousers—black gaiters—foraging cap.

BILKER.—Green jockey coat—striped waistcoat—drab great coat, with pearl buttons—white cord breeches—jockey boots—white hat.

WAITERS.—Coloured coats and breeches—buff waistcoats, &c.

CONSTABLES.—Countrymen's coats, breeches, &c.

BOB.—Smock frock—breeches—leather gaiters.

POST-BOY.—Postilion's jacket—striped waistcoat—buff breeches—Witney coat—white hat—top-boots.

LADY PEDIGREE.—Striped satin gown—old-fashioned turban, and hair dressed.

MRS. ARLINGTON.—White muslin morning dress, and hat.

HARRIET ARLINGTON.—*First dress*: Fashionable white muslin—white satin hat, and ostrich feathers. *Second dress*: As a Bavarian broom-girl—brown stuff petticoat—purple stuff jacket—close cap—blue stockings—shoes, and buckles. *Third dress*: The same as the first.

NURSE.—Coloured round gown—white apron and cap.

nition of Montmorency by the latter guarantees his respectability; the equivocal presentation of the hundred pound note is satisfactorily explained; and the little adventure with the broom-girl forgiven, since the bright eyes that captivated him at first sight were no other than the fair masquerader's *own*.

If we have a propensity in the world, 'tis for fun, and this farce is redolent of drollery. The former comic creations of Mr. Peake, *Hookey Walker* and *Muffincap*, are o'ershot by a bar's length by Mr. Conundrum Boots! The pedestrian's convexity of back, and the piteous look, forlorn figure, and faded livery of the elderly charity boy, almost neutralised their humour; but Billy is a budget of mirth, cosey, contented, full of comfort and conceit; a right risible representative of Day and Martin, a duodecimo edition of riddles and charades, bound in rough calf, with a funny frontispiece, lettered Comicality and Keeley! The satire of this part was missed the first night by the audience. The author put forth the polisher as a good-humoured laugh at those infants of larger growth, who cudgel their small wits to puzzle out similarities between things that are wholly dissimilar. The critics were not prepared for this extraordinary illustration of the intellectual march; the toe of the shoe-black trod them down at heel, and tripped them up; and the farce had been damned but for Billy Black, who, contrary to the advice of Manager Fawcett, and determined not to "give it up," tried on the conundrums the second night one by one. The audience, better humoured, cottoned to them, and Mr. Peake, thanks to little Keeley's pluck! plucked fresh laurels.

A popular duet between a couple of broom-girls (Liston and Vestris!) suggested the idea of introducing one of these interesting strangers in *The Hundred Pound Note*. Vestris dressed the square-rumped frow, and imitated her shrill squeak and "Buy a Broom!" admirably. Power was in excellent fooling in O'Shocknessy; we were particularly well pleased with his description of Captain Brevet's library—"a backgammon board in two volumes!" Blanchard, whose humour is, alas! no more, made a prominent character of the irascible Welshman: no actor in our remembrance touched a Taffy like him.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this Work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from personal observations, during the most recent performances.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R.C. *Right of Centre*; L.C. *Left of Centre*; D.F. *Door in the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage*; C.D.F. *Centre Door in the Flat*; R.D.F. *Right Door in the Flat*; L.D.F. *Left Door in the Flat*; R.D. *Right Door*; L.D. *Left Door*; S.E. *Second Entrance*; U.E. *Upper Entrance*; C.D. *Centre Door*.

* * * *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

fant, under the protection of the Cambrian attorney, the other, the identical charmer of whom he is in search. Madam is melancholy, and Miss musical. It reckons also, as should a house of *entertainment*, a couple of drolls,—Grady O'Shocknessy, a wild Irishman, with the appetite of an ostrich, and Billy Black, Boots! born with a bag of conundrums in his belly. Montmorency, in a frolic, takes Taffy's name; Grady becomes his valet, and his first blunder is to mistake his new master for his cast-off, liveried predecessor. He is commissioned to inquire if there be a lady of the name of Arlington in the hotel. Being broad of back, after the fashion of his countrymen, he assists in carrying some luggage into the inn; and, knowing a pen from a poker, deciphers on one of the trunks the name of "Arlington." Here's a *diskivery*! Off he flies with the good news to his master; a harp is heard; a voice accompanies it; the song is a lament that poverty should wither affection. If the mock Mr. Morgan has a propensity in the world, 'tis to do good by stealth.—He encloses a hundred pound note in an anonymous billet-doux, and desires Grady to deliver it to the proprietress of the voice and trunk. This the Irishman performs in a peculiarly elegant style; is commanded to leave the room; has a scuffle with the real Mr. Morgan, who rushes to the rescue of his insulted fair charge, and, to his surprise and dismay, finds that his name and address have been surreptitiously assumed. Mr. Janus, alarmed for the honour of his house and the amount of his bill, employs Billy Black to keep a sharp eye on the movements of the mysterious stranger, and never, for a moment, to lose sight of him. Miss Arlington, to try the constancy of her lover, besieges him in the disguise of a broom-girl, and has the mortification to find that the brilliant black eyes of the Bavarian beauty have superseded the drawing-room fascinations of her all-accomplished self. Just as Montmorency is bewailing his amorous frolic, and thinking what apology he shall offer to the young lady for his liaisons, O'Shocknessy enters with a rueful countenance, pops out the fatal intelligence that the lovely vestal is a mamma, and the apropos appearance of the nurse, bearing in her arms the innocent little evidence, confirms the terrible tale, and produces some laughable equivoue, which is ludicrously kept up by Lady Pedigree. A round of perplexities encircle Montmorency: the surveillance of Billy, who never parts company; his gray mare is stolen; his ten pound note taken in change is forged; there are two Mr. Morgans treading on each other's heels; his tavern-bill is a thumper, and the devil a penny has he to pay it; Mr. Janus will no longer give him credit or quarters; the constables are ready to take him into custody; and all pronounce him a "fluffy one!" Out of these dilemmas the dramatist very dexterously delivers him. Madam, with the beautiful little boy, is *Mistress* Arlington, and Mr. Morgan, attorney-at-law, is guardian to the infant heir; *Miss* Arlington is her cousin, and no mamma, and Dowager Pedigree is aunt to both ladies. The recog-

REMARKS.

The Hundred Pound Note.

WE have sometimes thought it hard that a gentleman, tricked out in the relics of a *ci-devant* shirt, should, by paying sixpence for his seat in the gallery, be elevated to an aristarch. A select society of "The Free and Easy," a knot of good fellows, who meet o' nights over a glass of something, might roar at his clishmaclaver; and a committee of corporation grandees, a herd of donkies eloquently discoursing over their meal of thistles, would cry "content" to his soporific distillations. He might bustle, the moving spirit of a book-club or a reading-room; or, with tragic strides and becoming sternness, stalk a good-natured monster in the terrific interval of John Reeve's tickling voluntaries. That an author's success should depend on the humour of his audience, and not on his own, is no very powerful stimulant to mental exertion. Pearls are not pigs' meat. Yet will reasonableness sometimes condescend to visit the blest abodes. The scenes stuck fast in the grooves, the halves of a house with an interstice of a yard or so between: "Ve don't expect no good grammar *here*," vociferated a roaring boy from his sixpenny Elysium, "but, hang it! you *might* close the scenes!"

This farce, another broad grin of Peake's, is truly indicative of Dicky: it has the eccentric vigour of his locomotion, the frisk and gaiety of his looks, the quaint facetiæ of character, the pun, equivoque, and glee, of the good-humoured original. Mr. Montmorency, the hero, is a gentleman with a variety of predilections, peccadillos, and propensities. If he has a propensity in the world, 'tis to keep a good horse and his temper; to assume style, dine on turtle, wood-cocks, pine-apple fritters, and champagne; to make everybody wait upon and pay respect to him; never to think twice on the same subject; and, not particular to a shade, to fall in love with a pretty girl, whether from Great Britain or Bavaria. He arrives at an inn, not light of heart, by the heavy coach, having, by the stupidity of his valet, whom he kicked and discharged, missed the company of Miss Arlington and her match-making aunt, Lady Pedigree. Here he encounters a Mr. Morgan, who is not a little vain of the Welsh blood in his veins; buys a gray mare of a "perfect gentleman"—of the post, who deserves to be whipped at it; and receives in change "a shy flimsy," of which the "perfect gentleman" is the *publisher*! In this inn are two ladies of the name of Arlington; one, with an in-

THE HUNDRED POUND NOTE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Yard of an Inn on a Public Road.*

Enter WAITER, R.

Wai. [*Calling.*] Bob! Bob! ostler!—What is coming up the hill? Bob, I say!

Enter BOB, L. 3d E.

Bob. Dang it! can't you look yourself? I've got enough on my hands, arn't I, without looking at any thing till it comes?

Wai. Now, old surly!

Bob. The Tallyho will be up in ten minutes to change horses; and there's this here blind wheeler to have some sugar o' lead put in his eyes. Dang it! go and look yourself. [*Exit, muttering, L. S. E.*]

Wai. Well, if you won't see, and your horse can't, why I must. [*Looking off, L. U. E.*] It's a chay and pair, and a gemman on a gray nag. [*A bell rings within, R. U. E.*] Coming!—Let him ring again; it's only that Crickhowell lawyer that came by the coach with the lady, and the nurse, and the child. [*Bell again, R. U. E.*] Oh, ring again, crusty! I know by his higgledy piggedly look there won't be many sixpences come out of his pocket. [*Bell again.*] Pull away, old Hunks!

Morgan. [*Calling within, R. 3d E.*] Waiter! waiter!—And indeed, then, fire and patience! where are you?

Wai. Now he'll pour out his Welsh abuse upon me, like a mess of hot leek porridge.

Enter MORGAN, R. 3d E.

Mor. And so, now, is this a pretty way to treat your master's customers, you rapscaillon, you? How dare you have the assurance to call yourself a waiter?

Wai. I am a waiter, sir.

Mor. What, when you make all the gentlefolks waiters for you?

Wai. Beg pardon, sir: looking out for a chay that was coming up the hill.

Mor. Then, indeed, young man, you should attend to the persons of consideration in the house, who wait to pay——

Wai. To pay!—Oh, what are your commands, sir?

Mor. How long will it be before the coach which is to carry us to where we are to stop again, arrives?

Wai. About a quarter of an hour.

Mor. Bring my bill.

Wai. Is the lady and child to be put in it, sir?

Mor. Assuredly not. The lady and child! Learn to speak correctly. But whatever the lady and child have partaken, and also the nurse, I shall pay for. Go, go! [*Exit Waiter at the back, R.*] Heigho! and a-well-a-day! To be sure, how my old bones have been rattled professionally from Crickhowel to London, and now back again to dear Crickhowel once more. I wish I was there; but we must not travel too rapidly: the infant heir to one hundred and fifty thousand pounds must not be jolted to death, whilst under the charge of Mr. Madoc Morgan, solicitor. Oh, here comes the waiter.

Re-enter WAITER at the back, R., and gives the bill to Morgan.

Now let me see your charges: we slept here last night on account of the pretty infant. Hey! my good fellow, what is all this?

Wai. (R. C.) All what, sir?

Mor. (C.) All what!—Why, look you, this is a strange account: here is a little word of three letters, which I can make out but indistinctly; the item, whatever it is, is charged—let me see, [*Counting.*] one, two, thrce—eight, nine, ten—eighteen, nineteen times. [*Spelling.*] P O P—pop! What is that, my good friend? Look you, here's tea, four and sixpence—pop, a shilling; suppers, ten and sixpence—pop, a shilling; brandy and water, one and sixpence (that I drank myself)—pop, a shilling! Go in and demand of your master what is the meaning of all this popping on the bill.

Wai. [*Aside.*] Stupid old Welsh fool! [*To Morgan.*] Beg pardon, sir: what you read pop is meant for pap.

Mor. Pap?

Wai. Yes, pap for the child.

Mor. [*Astonished.*] Pap?

Wai. Yes, sir, pap.

Mor. Then, indeed, this is too wicked! Where do you all expect to go? Every time little Master Arlington has been fed, there's popped down—pap, a shilling! Come here, sir. [*Holding him, and reading.*] Beds, six shillings—pap, a shilling; breakfasts, six and sixpence—pap, a shilling; luncheon, three and eightpence—pap, a shilling; malt liquor, tenpence—pap, a shilling! Oh! are you not ashamed of yourself? I suppose, with the customary extras, it will come to—waiter, two and sixpence—pap, a shilling; chambermaid, one and sixpence—pap, a shilling; boots, sixpence—pap, a shilling: ostler, nothing—pap, a shilling! Oh! it's a grasping and extortionate rapacity! Begone! go hide your head! [*Exit Waiter at the back, R.*] The imposition in this bill vexes me more than I will say; I hate to be swindled—swindled! Ah! I must not tell the good folks of Crickhowel how the sharper tricked me at billiards in London, where I frequented a table that was wont to be my favourite amusement. A perfect gentleman entered the billiard-room, and, after noticing the superior manner in which I pocketed the balls, he asked me as a favour to teach him the game. "With pleasure, sir," I said; and it was astonishing to see how very easily he learned it. I played with the perfect gentleman, who was an arrant knave, winning ten sovereigns of me. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha! We get wise in time; but I won't pay this excessive bill.

Montmorency. [*Without, L.*] Wait there, boy.

Mor. Oh, the gentleman from the chaise.

Montmorency. [*Without, L.*] Fresh horses!—Untie the luggage, stupid!

Mor. Stupid!—Calls about him! Oh, this gentleman is accustomed to the road and this expensive house. I'll take the liberty to ask his opinion as to the charges in this infernal bill.

Enter MONTMORENCY from the back, L. U. E., followed by the Post Boy.

Mon. Three trunks, two travelling bags, and a dressing-case: let me see them safe.

Boy. Yes, your honour.

[*Exit, L. U. E.*]

Mon. Here I am, a hundred miles from London, in pursuit of Miss Arlington. She was to have travelled by the

day-coach, accompanied by her aunt, Lady Pedigree: my fool of a valet, instead of taking my place with the lovely innamorata, booked me in the heavy, stuffed with baggage, fish, and six inside, three of whom were fat old women, invalids—with both windows up—all had coughs but myself—I never attempted to speak but they coughed me down. I could not stand it—got out at the end of the first stage, kicked and discharged my man, rattled here in a post-chaise, and——

Mor. [*Advancing, R.*] Beg your pardon for the intrusion, sir: are you accustomed to the road?

Mon. [*Aside.*] Odd question!

Mor. May I take the liberty to ask if you are a family man?

Mon. [*Aside.*] Strange! [*Aloud.*] Yes, sir, I am—a man of family.

Mor. Will you favour me, a little trespass on your time, with your candid opinion as to the charges in this bill?

[*Puts it into his hand.*]

Mon. 'Pon my life, sir, I can't say: as to a tavern bill, I generally look at the sum total, and fling an additional half sovereign at the head of the rascally waiter. What is all this? Pop! pop! pop! pop! pop!

Mor. Pap, sir.—Only think!—I read it pop at first: charged nineteen times. Only think, sir!

Mon. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha!—Pap!—Why, friend, you are in your second childhood!

Mor. I asked your advice, sir.

Mon. My advice is—[*Looking at the bill.*] Charged nineteen times, I perceive.

Mor. No less than nineteen times.

Mon. Have another boat full of pap, and that will make it exactly a pound. [*Aside.*] This poor old creature has certainly wandered out of some lunatic asylum.

[*Morgan walks about angrily.*]

Enter BILKER, L. S. E.

Bil. [*Coming down, L.*] Your servant again, sir.

Mon. Ah, my fellow-traveller!

Bil. You have alighted from your chaise, sir, and I have put my gray mare into the stable. Although strangers, we have journeyed together upwards of twenty miles.

Mon. Yes; and I have particularly admired that gray mare of yours.

Bil. She is a right good one, sir—not six years old : you have witnessed how she brought me here.

Mor. [*Aside, seeing Bilker.*] If my eyes don't deceive me, I know that face well. Oh, the billiard-table ! That is the perfect gentleman again !

Bil. [*Apart to Montmorency.*] I am an unlucky fellow—I can't afford to keep that mare any longer.

Mor. [*Aside.*] She has eaten up my ten sovereigns, then. That's the very rascal that trepanned me at the billiard-table !

Mon. I like the mare. [*Taking out his pocket-book.*] Let me see : I've a hundred pound note and a forty.—When I arrive, I can easily send to London for more money. If I have a propensity in the world, it is to possess good horses.

Bil. She is yours, sir, for forty pounds, and I will throw the saddle and bridle in. [*Aside, seeing Morgan.*] Confusion ! the old Welshman I did at billiards in London ! I wonder if he will recognise me.

Mor. [*Aside.*] In spite of this young gentleman's repulsive manners, I should not like to see him, as I was, food for a shark. But I must be cautious ; for since it is established that truth is a libel, an action for defamation may lie. [*Takes hold of Montmorency.*]

Mon. Curse the bill, sir ! Do you want to borrow a sovereign to pay it ? Relinquish my button, my good old friend : if I have a propensity in the world, it is to keep my temper. Why do you attack me thus ? You come first with your pap, and then with your rigmarole ; now go, retire with your rigmarole, and devour your pap.

[*Crosses to L.*]

Bil. [*Aside.*] I'll brazen it out. [*To Montmorency.*] He will begin upon me presently : shall I provoke him, sir ?

Mon. Yes. [*Laughing.*] Ha ! ha ! ha !—Stir him up with some common-place question.

Bil. I will, and mark the result. [*Crossing to Morgan.*] I say, old gentleman, have you a mind to a game at billiards ?

Mor. [*Aside.*] I'm dumb-founded with surprise at his effrontery ! I'll be bound the gray mare is stolen. [*To Montmorency.*] Sir, don't play at billiards with your new friend. [*Crosses to c.*]

Bil. You see I nettled him with my remark.

Mor. Don't buy that gray mare—it will be a bad speculation.

Mon. All spite!—Do you think I don't know what I am at, you old inconvenience? If I have a perfection in the world, it is my knowledge of horse-flesh.

Mor. Then, indeed, sir, your knowledge of horse-flesh may lead you to the ultimate destination of horse-flesh.

Mon. What do you mean, sir?

Mor. You'll go to the dogs.

Mon. I must now cut the matter short: Mr.—whatever your name may be—go to the devil!

Mor. My name is Morgan—Mr. Morgan, attorney-at-law.

Mon. Oh, attorney!—Then I need not repeat my words. You'll go!

Mor. You have rejected my counsel.

Bil. Your counsel!—Yes, and the attorney, too.

Mor. Swindler!

Bil. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha!—Call me any name you please, old one—ha! ha!—only don't ask me to play at billiards any more—ha! ha!

Mor. You swindling rascal! rascal! ruffian! [*To Montmorency.*] If you doubt my identity, or have any thing to say, that is my card—[*Giving it*]—Morgan, of Crickhowell. My blood is up! Farewell, sir—farewell, plunderer! swindler!—Heigho, and a well-a-day!

[*Crosses and exit, R.*]

Bil. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha!

Mon. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha!—Good bye, old Pap, a shilling!—Ha! ha! [*Putting Morgan's card in his pocket.*] Was there ever such an adventure! Well, sir, now to your gray mare: at a word, I'll give you thirty pounds for her—here's a forty pound note, give me a ten, and the business is settled.

Bil. (R.) I want cash: it is hard dealing, but you must have your way, sir. [*Taking out his pocket-book.*] Here's a ten, sir. [*Aside.*] A shy flimsy; but he's not awake.

Mon. (L.) And there's the forty. [*Aside.*] I've a capital bargain; the mare is mine, and I will ride her on the next stage.

Bil. [*Aside.*] Yes, and you may keep her till you find the right owner. [*Aloud.*] Good day, and thank you, sir; the mare is in the stable, sir. [*Aside.*] A tight morning's work—forty pounds! [*Aloud.*] Farewell, sir! [*Aside.*] Published a forged ten into the bargain! [*Exit, R.*]

Mon. Adieu! adieu! Now to put this ten pound note away: ten, and a hundred pounds, a good account at Drummond's, and care for no one—yes, one Harriet Arlington! I'll get my horse ready, and my baggage can follow by the coach. I can now exclaim with the bard,
 "I have a horse will follow where the game makes way,"
 in spite of old Pap, a shilling! [Exit, L. S. E.]

SCENE II.—*An elegant Apartment in Janus's Hotel.*

Enter LADY PEDIGREE, L.

Lady P. Well, here we are at length established: it is very strange that Mr. Montmorency did not adopt the hint I gave him; he might then, as if by chance, have accompanied us down in the stage-coach. Some extraordinary fatality prevents the meeting I so anxiously wish for between my giddy niece, Harriet Arlington, *sans* fortune, and Henry Montmorency, Esq. a good-tempered exquisite, possessing four thousand pounds a year. But this niece is a prodigious time at her toilet.

~~*Harriet Arlington.* [Singing without, L.]~~

~~"I've been roaming, I've been roaming," &c.~~

Lady P. The gay, volatile girl!—The cheerfulness of her heart is ever glistening in her eyes, and exhaling itself in melody from her lips.

~~*Enter HARRIET ARLINGTON, L., singing.*~~

~~"And I'm coming, and I'm coming," &c.~~

Lady P. Your senses have been roaming, I think, you most eccentric girl.

~~*Har.* Eccentric, aunt!~~

Lady P. Yes: I had rather say eccentric than mad.

~~*Har.* Mad, aunt!~~

Lady P. Yes, mad as Ophelia.

~~*Har.* I can only liken myself to Ophelia by being extravagantly fond of the snatches of old tunes; but I should be a very merry Ophelia. [Singing and dancing.]~~

~~"To-morrow is St. Valentine's Day!"~~

~~[Crosses to R.]~~

Lady P. My dear, you weary my spirits by your repetitions: hear me speak seriously to you—be moderate.

~~*Har.* [Singing.] "Pray, goody, please to moderate," &c.~~

Lady P. I will be heard: a gentleman of ancient family, high connections, and ample fortune, has fallen desperately in love with you.

—*Har.* Aunt, your cavalier became enamoured at first sight, without knowing or ascertaining whether I had a heart to give away. [*Singing.*]

“Had I a heart for falsehood framed,” &c.

Lady P. Again!

—*Har.* Time must restore the poor gentleman to his senses; he must remain that which he has always been at all the quadrille parties. [*Singing, and crossing to L.*]

“A cavalier sent,” &c.

Lady P. Mr. Montmorency is handsome, young, good-tempered, and agreeable: what would you have? When I married Sir Anderson Pedigree, he had not one of these qualifications. Poor Sir Anderson!

—*Har.* [*Singing.*]

“A blessing on his frosty brow, John Anderson, my Jo!”

Lady P. I desire, Harriet, that you will use your aged uncle’s memory with more respect. We contrived to agree very tolerably.

—*Har.* Indeed, aunt! Why—[*Singing.*]

“An old man would be wooing,” &c.

Lady P. Oh, bless your merry heart! There, now, don’t sing any more.

—*Har.* I won’t; but then, you know, aunt, you have acknowledged to me that your matrimonial fate was unhappy.

Lady P. Yes, my love, but it settled me in life: I had no fortune, nor have you. I certainly for many years encountered age and ill-nature; but I contrived, as my cousin, Rear Admiral Boreas, says, “to weather the storm.”

—*Har.* [*Singing.*] “Cease, rude Boreas,” &c.

Lady P. Once for all, miss, I will not put up with your musical interruptions.

—*Har.* Then, dear aunt, I must tell you candidly, that Mr. Montmorency has thought too highly of his own attractions. Although I am poor, I am proud; and I am not to be courted as a love-sick school-girl.

Lady P. Will you concede in this affair something to my experience, the want of which experience has proved the source of misery to my other niece, Honoria Arlington?

—*Har.* Poor Honoria! she wedded the man she loved.

Lady P. Yes; but her husband’s father, Sir David Arlington, has discarded them ever since.

—*Har.* I confess I have some liking for your Mr. Montmorency, but I suspect his truth: only give me permis-

sion, by a little stratagem, to put his sincerity to the test—he has seen me but once. Disguise—disguise, aunt!

[Crosses to R.

Lady P. Some silly project, I am convinced; but I suppose, that since you will not accede to my terms, I must come to yours. Ever since you took a part in the Countess of Marplot's private theatricals, you have considered yourself *au fait* as an actress.

Har. Well, I think I am a very tolerable singing actress. Let me mature my plan, and I will tell you all.

Lady P. You will find me in my room, my dear. — Adieu!

Har. [Singing.] “Adieu, adieu! my only love,” &c.

Lady P. Ah! [Runs off, L.

Har. [Laughing.] Ha! ha! ha! — Kind, good aunt! I am apprehensive that this love at first sight is a false conclusion; but I will have my frolic, come what may, and it shall be with the aid of my masquerading costume. I declare, I am in such high spirits, that, in spite of *Lady Pedigree*, I must give way to them in one of my favourite ballads.

SONG.—HARRIET ARLINGTON.

“Hurrah for the Bonnets of Blue.”

[Exit, R.

SCENE III.—Another Apartment in the Hotel—table, hand-bell, and two chairs.

GRADY O'SHOCKNESSY, R., and BILLY BLACK, L., rubbing the table, discovered.

Billy. And so, Mr. O'Shocknessy, as you are out of place, my master, Mr. Janus, has promised to get you a situation.

O'Sho. Yes, Billy: my late master, Mr. Brevêt, bless him! found that half pay warn't a quarter enough to support the two of us; so he's gone to London to economise.

Billy. Oh, so you told me before; but go on with your brushing—we are to do it between us.

O'Sho. Mr. Janus has given me house room, but he don't intend I shall have it for nothing; so he has set me here to play a rubber with you: I won't say much for the living.

Billy. You've had all the cold potatoes in the hotel—devil a one have I set my eyes on since you came. [Coming down, L.] Mr. O'Shocknessy.

O'Sho. Billy, to you.

Billy. Why is the Lord's Mayor's barge like a horse-whip?

O'Sho. Oh, bother! I don't know nor care: you teaze every body in the house with your conundidrums.

Billy. Not conundidrums, but conundrums, Mr. O'Shocknessy. I love a conundrum better than anything in the world. Do you give it up?

O'Sho. You'll give up your place if you don't mind what you are about, Billy Black. It would behove you to be polishing the boots, and claning the knives, as is your duty in this here hotel. Mr. Janus said yesterday that he would discharge you if ever he heard you ask a lady or a gentleman in the house a conundidrum again.

Billy. Conundrum—conundrum. I wish you'd leave out your di—never say *di*! It's very innocent pastime: they've driven me out of the kitchen, because they are all too stupid to understand them; so I go to my knife-shed, and the cat comes after me, seeing as how I am good-natured to her;—so I sits and asks the cat conundrums; she gives them all up, and I answers them myself.

O'Sho. Pretty employment! [*Looking off, L.*] Attention, Billy; here's the waiter coming.

Enter WAITER, with a trunk, L.

Wai. Now, boys, out of sight—here's company coming into this room. You Billy Black, there's the gentleman's boots standing in the hall; he wants them cleaned directly—quick!

O'Sho. [*Crossing to L.*] Let us retreat.

Billy. Ah, that's your soger's polite word for running away. I say, Mr. O'Shocknessy, if you was married, what would you be? Do you give it up? You would be a united Irishman.

Wai. & O'Sho. Oh, oh!—turn him out! turn him out!

[*They push Billy off, L., O'Shocknessy follows him.*]

Enter MONTMORENCY, L., in slippers.

Mon. Oh, this is No. 15, is it? Are these your best apartments?—Is every thing in the first style?—If I have a fault in the world, it is being attached to style.

Wai. Our's is the first house, sir.

Mon. My baggage will be here presently: order your fellows in the stable to take care of the gray mare I rode here.

Wai. Yes, sir.

[Exit L., taking away the furniture brushes.]

Mon. Now to avow my adoration to the lovely Harriet Arlington—to throw myself and fortune at her feet. If I have a predilection in the world, it is for a married life.—But softly, my good Montmorency; you have a difficult game to play: you have still to woo—to win; there may be a rival; your inamorata has apparently flown to avoid you. I should not like to be rejected. Now, notwithstanding the pressing invitation of Lady Pedigree, that I should follow in the chase, I deem it prudent, in this hotel, to change my name. I'll be no longer Mr. Montmorency, but Mr. something else—Mr. anything—anything beginning with an M, on account of the initials on my seals, portmanteaus, &c. [Putting his hand in his pocket.] Here's a card. [Reading it.] "Mr. Morgan." I'll take the name of Morgan—Morgan will do very well: Morgan—I'm Mr. Morgan. [A tap at the door, L.] Who is there?

Billy Black. [Without, L.] Boots.

Mon. Walk in, boots.

Enter BILLY BLACK, L., with a pair of clean boots, boot-hooks, brushes, &c.

So, you are the boots?

Billy. Yes, sir.

Mon. [Aside.] Looks like the goat in boots. [Aloud.] You are an odd one.

Billy. [Laughing.] He! he!—Yes, there bea'nt a pair of me in all this place.

Mon. [Taking the boots.] Do you practice with Warren, Turner, Larnders, or Hunt?

Billy. Neither on 'em: them manufacturers gets their living by whitening, not by blacking.

Mon. How?

Billy. (L.) Do you give it up, sir? They chalks the walls all over, don't they?

Mon. [Aside, laughing.] Ha! ha! ha!—A character! If I have a fancy in the world, it is for oddity of character. Now to get my boots on. [Sits, c.]

Billy. [Giving the boot-hooks.] Hem!—Sir.

Mon. Well?

Billy. Why is pulling on your boots like angling?—[Montmorency stares.] Do you give it up, sir? Because, you see, you can't do without the hooks.

Mon. [*Aside.*] I admire this sweet youth's *naïvete*.—
[*To Billy.*] Now, my friend, you must tell me where to go to see your lions here.

Billy. [*Beginning to brush Montmorency's coat.*] See the lions!—You can't, sir.

Mon. Eh!

Billy. Mr. Wombwell's carrywans went away last week.

Mon. [*Aside.*] Oh, this fellow is past all endurance!—I thought he was witty—find he is only stupid. [*Aloud, pointing to the door.*] Boots!

Billy. Sir.

Mon. [*Snapping his fingers in his face.*] Begone!

Billy. Yes, sir. [*Aside.*] What a long tail our cat's got! Why am I like a farthing rushlight at three o'clock in the morning? Do you give it up? Because I am going out.

[*Exit, L.*]

Mon. But what am I to do for a servant?—What is to be done for a fellow to get me up in the morning?—Without a valet, I shall positively be in bed all day.

Janus. [*Without.*] Oh, very well—in No. 15?

Enter JANUS, L.

Mon. [*Rising.*] The proprietor of the hotel, I presume?

Jan. I have the honour to wait your commands, sir: permit me, sir, to announce your arrival;—the name of a person of fashion gives consequence to a house.

Mon. [*Aside.*] This will be the best opportunity to disguise my real name. [*To Janus.*] Say Mr. Morgan—simply Mr. Morgan. There's my card.

Jan. [*Taking the card.*] Mr. Morgan!

Mon. I discharged my man just as I commenced my journey: can you recommend me a servant?

Jan. I can recommend one, sir, of whom his master has left in my charge an excellent character for fidelity. Shall I send him up?

Mon. Yes; and let him be aware that I discharged my last valet for impertinence.

Jan. Do you dine, sir?

Mon. I hope so. [*Janus produces the bill of fare—Montmorency looks over it.*] Dress every thing that is good, and I'll eat what I like.

Jan. Won't you order, sir?

Mon. Stay—I'll particularise. Some turtle: if I have a propensity for any thing, it is turtle—get turtle. No smelts, I perceive, in the bill of fare—get smelts. I do not see that woodcocks are inserted—get woodcocks.

Jan. Sir !

Mon. And where are your pine-apple fritters ? I cannot dine without pine-apple fritters—get pine-apple fritters. A bottle of your best Burgundy ; put some champagne into ice ; and don't forgot the maraschino.

Jan. Is that all, sir ?

Mon. Yes ; in fact, I don't care in the least about eating and drinking, [*Aside.*] especially as I am in love.

Jan. What time will you dine, sir ?

Mon. Quarter before eight for eight.

Jan. It shall be ready, sir. [*Aside.*] If all this dinner is to be devoured by Mr. Morgan, he must have a good digestive organ. [*Exit, L.*]

Mon. Now to roam a pilgrimage of inquiry after the lovely Harriet. [*Surveying himself.*] Eh ? horrible !—My coat is covered with the white hairs of my gray mare !—The ladies may conjecture they are mine. No valet ! I cannot exist out of trim, even if I have the inordinate trouble of brushing myself. [*Taking his coat off, and brushing it.*] I trust this new servant will conduct himself with propriety : if there is one thing in the world I look for more than another, it is respect from a servant.

Continues brushing.

Re-enter GRADY O'SHOCKNESSY, L.

O'Sho. [*Aside.*] Mr. Janus says, that the last valet got his dismissal for impertinence. I must be upon my guard. I wonder where my new master is ? [*Seeing Montmorency brushing.*] Here's a little hop-o'-my-thumb fellow brushing a jacket : I'll just ax. [*Slapping Montmorency on the back.*] Young man, will you be civil enough to tell me where to find a gentleman ?

Mon. Young man ! [*Laughing.*] Ha ! ha ! ha ! Young man ! Vastly pleasant, indeed ! [*Puts on his coat.*]

O'Sho. [*Aside.*] This, by his aisy arrogance, must be the vally de sham who is turned away. [*To Montmorency.*] Now what are you exhibiting your row of white mile stones for ?

Mon. [*Aside.*] Amazing ! surely, some mistake !—Never mind : if I have a propensity in the world, it is to be good-humoured. [*To O'Shocknessy.*] Don't you think it would be as civil, Mr. What's-your-name, if you took your hat off ?

O'Sho. My hat is on as honest a head as any in the room. [*Searching his pockets.*] I have never a card, but I'll write my name with a piece of chalk.

Mon. [*Aside.*] This is insupportable !

O'Sho. Arn't you ashamed of yourself to leave your master's room in such a litter ?

Mon. Get out of the apartment, you impudent rascal !

O'Sho. I'll see you d——d first, and then I won't !— I'll wait here until my new master arrives, as I suppose you are but stopping for your wages.

Mon. This is no longer to be borne !

[*Rings the hand-bell violently.*]

Enter JANUS, hastily, L., and crosses to C.

Here's the proprietor of the hotel ; he will let you know who I am.

O'Sho. And he will let you know who I am, too.

Mon. [*To Janus.*] Send some of the waiters up to convey that Irish ruffian out of my apartment.

Jan. [*To O'Shocknessy.*] Is this proper behaviour to the master to whom I recommended you ?

O'Sho. [*Aside.*] Oh, what a mistake I have made !— I've broke the pitcher, and spilt the butter-milk ! Oh, my fortune's ruined ! [*To Montmorency.*] For certain, sir, if I had known you'd been a gentleman, sir——

Mon. What do I look like, then ?

O'Sho. Nothing, sir. Seeing your honour brushing your honour's honourable coat, I took you for your late futman. I hope your honour will look over it.

Mon. A little too much of a joke. No, no, no !

Jan. [*Aside.*] I must get rid of Shocknessy—he eats more than he's worth. [*To Montmorency.*] The poor fellow, spite of his blundering, bears an amiable character, sir. [*Aside.*] Obstinate as a pig, and hungry as an ostrich !

Mon. [*Aside.*] Simple, and may make an excellent emissary in my intrigue ; and then his total ignorance of my name and affairs——

O'Sho. [*Crossing to C.*] Och ! your honour, forget and forgive—I'd do as much for you !

Mon. You may leave us, Mr. Janus.

Jan. [*Aside.*] Got rid of that devouring Paddy !

[*Exit, L.*]

Mon. Now, rascal !

O'Sho. That's me.

Mon. What can you do ?

O'Sho. I waited on Captain Brevêt in the Peninsula : I could steal a cow in the morning time enough to get the steaks broiled for breakfast.

Mon. Here's a *cusinier* for an illustrious gastronome ! Did you take charge of your late master's library ?

O' Sho. Faith, I did : the only books he had in the world was a backgammon-board, in two volumes.

Mon. Well, I suppose I must take you upon trial : I must make you a sort of confidant.

O' Sho. I'm confident, I'll answer !

Mon. You must find out immediately if there is a lady in the hotel of the name of Arlington.

O' Sho. Arlington ! Arlington ! — Och, sir ! that shall be accomplished before you could guillotine a chicken.

Mon. Arlington—remember ; be discreet—do not divulge : if I have a propensity in the world, it is to possess a discreet servant. *[Exit, R.]*

O' Sho. Seeing as I don't know your honour's name, I fancy the divulging will be a trifling difficulty. Arlington—Mrs. Arlington !—A-r—Oh ! I'll warrant I'll find her out : I'm the man for an affair of gallantry, or I havn't been ogling the fat lady abbesses for nothing, as they peeped through the nutmeg graters of the convents. I'll find her out. Oh, Arlington ! *[Exit, L.]*

SCENE IV.—*Corridor of the Hotel—doors R. and L.*

Enter JANUS, R., ushering in MRS. ARLINGTON and the NURSE, with the Infant.

Jan. These, madam, are your apartments—*[Opening a door.]*—No. 18. Sweet little infant, madam. *[Aside.]* Squall all night ! *[Aloud.]* This way—these are your rooms. *[Exit Nurse, with the infant, into No. 18.]* Now, *[Calling.]* John ! Griffin ! the trunks here !

Enter GRADY O'SHOCKNESSY, L.

Come, you O'Shocknessy, you promised if I got you a place, you would be useful to me : Mr. Morgan, your new master, will not object.

O' Sho. Oh ! his name is Morgan, is it ?—Mr. Morgan !

Jan. Just assist the porter with this luggage. *[Calling.]* This way—up here ! *[Exit, R.]*

O' Sho. I'm not the man to shirk my promises. *[Goes off, R., and brings in a trunk with a card attached to it.]* What's this ?—Oh, lucky prosperity !—I've popped at once on my errand ! Arlington ! *[Spelling.]* A-r-l. Oh ! this is right ! *[Seeing Mrs. Arlington.]* Yonder's a female lady—I'll diskiver.—Hem !—May I make so bold, ma'am,

to ax where this box with the name of "Arlington" upon it is to be repositated?

Mrs. A. I will thank you to put it in that room—it is mine. [Crossing to R.]

O' Sho. [Aside.] What a beauteous creature! [Crossing to L., and putting the trunk in at the door of No. 18.]
I'll keep my ears awake.

[Brings on the other articles, and listens.]

Mrs. A. The mysterious object of my journey! Why is the truth kept concealed from me by Mr. Morgan?

O' Sho. [Aside.] My master, Mr. Morgan, has not told of his love. Fie, Mr. Morgan! and with such a lovely girl!

Mrs. A. But the presence of my dear boy shall cheer me through all my trials.

O' Sho. [Aside.] The presence of her dear boy!—She manes my master.

Mrs. A. His laughing eyes!

O' Sho. [Aside.] I only observed the laughing in his mouth.

Mrs. A. The dear little fellow is now in a delightful slumber. [Crosses, and exit into No. 18.]

O' Sho. I left him wide awake, brushing his coat.—There's a sweet soul to breathe soft nonsense to! She spoke of her poverty; yet how she loves him!—How I found her out! Och! Grady O'Shocknessy, you have a head for diskiveries: you ought to have gone as Irish interpreter to the North Pole. [Looking off, L.] Here's Mr. Morgan, my master.

Enter MONTMORENCY, L.

I've diskivered the lady of the name of Arlington, sir.—There, there, [Pointing to L. D. F.] she is in No. 18.

Mon. This is, indeed, fortunate.

O' Sho. Miss Arlington, sir, is over head and ears in love with you; she said as much herself—I overheard her. But then, poor creter, she made a moan about her poverty.

Mon. Poverty!—Is it possible?

[A harp heard without, R.]

Harriet Arlington. [Singing without, R.]

"Alas! that Poverty's evil eye
Should ere come hither,
Such sweets to wither," &c.

Mon. Delightful ballad!—Moore!

O'Sho. No, sir, there's no more.

Mon. How charmingly she sings of poverty! Let love fly out at the window—I, a true lover, will enter the door. [*Crossing to R.*]

O'Sho. She's in No. 18, sir.

Mon. I could have sworn the music proceeded from No. 10.

O'Sho. The music may come from No. 10, but I tell you the voice of the lady is in No. 18.

Mon. It touches my heart's core! That stingy Lady Pedigree makes her no allowance, I suppose. I'll surprise her by an act of secret generosity: yes, Harriet, I'll do—I'll do—I'll do——If I have a propensity in the world, it is never to think twice on one subject. [*Crossing to L.*] Here, a sheet of paper—quick, you Irish Mercury! [*Exit O'Shocknessy, R.*] I'll commit a deliberate act of secret liberality. [*Taking out his pocket-book.*] I'll enclose her this hundred pound note anonymously; for if the name of Montmorency was attached, she would not accept the bill.

Re-enter GRADY O'SHOCKNESSY, R., with paper.

Give it to me. [*Enclosing the note.*] There, then: how my heart throbs with delight! Give that to Miss Arlington; do not say from whom you received it; deliver it into her own hands—be discreet. If I have a pleasure in the world, it is in an act of private benevolence. [*Exit, L.*]

O'Sho. Here's a billy doo! Oh, I am young Love's messenger! [*Exit into No. 18, L. D. F.*]

Enter MORGAN, R.

Mor. Heigho! and a-well-a-day!—The baggage is safely housed: Mr. Janus says our apartments are No. 18; we shall be quite calm here.

[*A door bangs behind at No. 18.*]

Mrs. Arlington. [*Within.*] Leave the room instantly—I insist!

Mor. Mrs. Arlington's voice!

Mrs. A. [*Within.*] Quit the room, sir!

Re-enter O'SHOCKNESSY from No. 18.

O'Sho. Certainly—certainly. How beautiful an angry woman looks! Bad news—bad news!

Mor. What is all this?

O'Sho. Very bad news for Mr. Morgan.

Mor. What have you been doing in that room, rascalion?

O' Sho. Mr. Morgan—where is Mr. Morgan?

Mor. Well, what do you want?

O' Sho. Not you: I want Mr. Morgan.

Mrs. Arlington. [*Appearing at the door of No. 18.*] Pray, some one be good enough to call Mr. Morgan immediately.

O' Sho. She wants my master. [*Calling.*] Mr. Morgan! Mr. Morgan!

Mor. [*Going to the door.*] I am here, madam.

O' Sho. Not you, old gentleman: it's Mr. Morgan that's wanted.

Mrs. A. My dear sir, I have been insulted by that person.

Mor. Insulted!—By the high blood of the Morgans, he shall repent it! [*Runs at O' Shocknessy with his stick.*]

Enter BILLY BLACK, running, R.

Billy. Here's a row! Why is Mr. O' Shocknessy like a corn-sheaf?—Because he's going to be threshed. [*Morgan and O' Shocknessy struggle.*] Don't I say, give it up—give it up?

[*O' Shocknessy parries the blow, and twists the stick out of Morgan's hand.*]

O' Sho. [*Running off, R., calling.*] Help! help!—Mr. Morgan! Mr. Morgan!

Mor. [*In great agitation.*] Rascal!—Fire and fury!—Crickhowell!—I shall never reach it alive!

Billy. Sir, why are you like a mousetrap?—Do you give it up? [*Morgan runs at him, and canes him off, R.*]

Mor. Murder!—Ring all the bells!—Mrs. Arlington! Call the police!—Heigho! and a-well-a-day!—My ancestors—the blood of all the Morgans!

[*Exit, running, into No. 18, in a great passion—bells ring violently as the drop falls.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Another Apartment in Janus's Hotel.*

Enter MORGAN, L., with a letter.

Mor. Here, the moment we urrive, some foolish spend-thrift has not only dared to insult my fair charge with a

love-letter, but has forced a hundred pound note upon her acceptance. Here comes the proprietor of the hotel.

Enter JANUS, R.

Mr. Janus, a word with you: will you tell me the names of all the people in your house?

Jan. Impossible, sir; there are so many.

Mor. Can you inform me the name of any person in the hotel who might be likely to commit a very foolish action?

Jan. Impossible, sir; there are so many.

Mor. Some resident of your house has written a very improper note to the lady under my protection.

Jan. The lady under your protection! You are 18, I believe, sir?

Mor. Eighteen! No—sixty-four!

Jan. I mean, sir, your apartments are No. 18. The lady under your protection!—Hum!

Mor. She is married, sir, and of the highest respectability; and I must have the affair investigated.

Jan. You are a stranger to me, sir, but I look upon all persons who honour my hotel with equal respect. Have you any clue? [*Aside.*] I hope not.

Mor. It appears the letter was delivered by an Irishman.

Jan. An Irishman! [*Aside.*] It must be O'Shocknessy. [*Aloud.*] The thing is now clear to me, sir: there is a gentleman, who arrived here to-day, I think might be likely to commit the action of which you complain. You have fortunately named the Irish servant as a clue, and I can furnish you accurately with his master's name and address.

Mor. I shall be greatly obliged to you. What is the name, sir?

Jan. Morgan.

Mor. What! Morgan?

Jan. Yes, sir; here is the card. [*Handing it.*] Mr. Morgan, of Crickhowell.

Mor. Fire and fury! my own address! Harkye, sir, are you jesting with me?

Jan. I am at a loss, sir, to comprehend your meaning.

Mor. This card is mine—mine, sir.

Jan. Yours, sir!

Mor. Yes; I am Morgan, of Crickhowell: there are a few more Morgans in Wales, but this is my name and address. I will seek this gentleman, as he calls himself, and

make him answer for the indignity offered to a defenceless woman, under the protection of a Morgan. Fire and fury ! Heigho ! and a-well-a-day ! [Exit, R.]

Jan. Here's a pretty mistake ! I wonder I hadn't his Welsh fingers on my Berkshire nose ! But softly, friend Janus : who is this gentleman you are harbouring, and who has given you a false address ? [Calling.] Billy—Billy Black !

Billy. [Without, L.] Yes, master.

Jan. [Calling.] Billy—Billy Black, I say !

Enter BILLY BLACK, L.

He may walk off without paying for the turtle, the wood-cocks, and the pine-apple fritters : it will be as well to have this person watched. Billy, go down stairs, put your coat and hat on, and wash your face.

Billy. Sir, it's no use—it's dirty again in five minutes.

Jan. Hush !—You know the gentleman in No. 15 ?

Billy. What, he that axed me about the blacking ?—Oh, yes ; I know his boots by sight.

Jan. Well, then, you must not let him go out of your sight ; I can't spare any of the waiters : wherever he goes follow him—keep at a distance, but keep him before your eyes ; he must be watched closely—don't give him up.

[Crosses, and exit L.]

Billy. I never gives any thing up. [Exit, L.]

SCENE II.—*The Garden of the Hotel—a balcony window, C. F.—another window, L. F.—a door, L. 3d E.*

Enter MONTMORENCY, L.

Mon. By this time, if my new valet has done his duty, the lovely but unfortunate Harriet Arlington is overwhelmed by my secret generosity.

Enter GRADY O'SHOCKNESSY, L.

Now, sirrah, you delivered the letter ?

O'Sho. I was only in the ranks, sir, but I delivered your letter like a general-postman, and I got a double knock, too.

Mon. Well, and what observation did she make ?

O'Sho. She merely observed, that I was to leave the room.

Mon. How !—Explain.

O'Sho. Miss Arlington says, “ Who might you bring this from ? ” Says I, My lady, says I, summoning all my rhe-

toric, turn the billy inside out, and you will find that in a pig's whisper.

Mon. You rascal! you have most egregiously exceeded your directions. But it was my foolery to trust so sacred a deposit in the hands of a wild Irishman. Go to the stable, sirrah, and see my gray mare fed: in the midst of my anxiety, I can't forget my horse. [*Crossing to L.*

O'Sho. [*Aside.*] Yes, but you can your manners, though. Calls me a wild Irishman! I—I that am the nate thing! Oh, what a master I've hired! [*Exit, R.*

Mon. Although I have a tolerable opinion of myself, I suspect that I am playing the part of a blockhead in this affair. Nous verrons, the lovely Harriet Arlington shall be mine: I can dream—think of no other woman in the wide universe. [*Exit at the door, L. 3d E.*

Enter, from the hotel, HARRIET ARLINGTON, completely disguised as a Bavarian broom-girl.

— SONG.—HARRIET ARLINGTON. [*Introduced.**]

From Teutchland I come, with my light wares all laden,

To dear, happy England, in summer's gay bloom;

Then listen, fair lady, and young pretty maiden,

Oh, buy of the wand'ring Bavarian a broom.

Buy a broom—buy a broom! [*Spoken.*] Buy a broom!

Oh, buy of the wand'ring Bavarian a broom!

To brush away insects that sometimes annoy you,

You'll find it quite handy to use night and day;

And what better exercise, pray, can employ you,

Than to sweep all vexatious intruders away?

Buy a broom, &c.

Ere winter comes on, for sweet home soon departing,

My toils for your favour again I'll resume;

And, while gratitude's tear in my eyelid is starting,

Bless the time that in England I cried, Buy a broom!

Buy a broom, &c.

[*Spoken.*] Yes, I shall go back to my own country, and no longer cry, Buy a broom! but sing—

O mein lieber Augustin, Augustin, Augustin!

O mein lieber Augustin, alles' ist weg!

Bock ist weg,

Stock ist weg,

Anch ich bin in dem dreck.

O mein lieber Augustin, alles' ist weg!

* This song, with the music, is published by Mr. Williams, Strand.

[During the Song, MONTMORENCY appears at the window, L. F., and listens attentively till its conclusion.]

Mon. [Calling to Harriet.] Here, here, brooms!

—Har. [Going to the window.] Buy a broom!

Mon. A pretty figure that, egad!

—Har. Buy a broom!

Mon. Poor creatures! how they travel through the country, vending for a trifle their ingenious manufactures, and wasting their sweetness on the desert air!

—Har. Buy a broom!

Mon. If I have a predilection in the world, it is for a pretty little girl! Don't go away; I want to speak with you. [Disappears from the window]

—Har. [Advancing, c.] Thank heaven! my aunt has consented to my masquerading frolic! In this garden-court of the hotel, there are but two windows by which I can be overlooked. That apartment is Lady Pedigree's, the other is occupied by my exquisite swain. The bird is caged. Now, Mr. Montmorency, I'll discover if your love at first sight is of any value.

Enter MONTMORENCY at the door, L. 3d E.

—Buy a broom!—Brooms, here! very nice dis—good for dusta de curtains.

Mon. The dearest dark eyes I ever gazed on. If you do not draw a curtain before them, you Bavarian, I shall be desperate with you.

—Har. Buy a broom!—Good for de cobwebs!

Mon. My dear, I haven't any cobwebs.

—Har. Buy a broom! buy one; take dat for threepence; here is one for halfpenny—buy ittle one for your baby.

Mon. Bless your sweet heart! I have no babies—I wish I had, [Aside.] and you was their mamma, you pretty creature!

—Har. Oh, buy one—do! buy a broom!

[BILLY BLACK peeps on, L. S. E., and retires.]

Mon. She fascinates me. [Crossing behind to R.] Plague! I forgot myself: here are half the windows of the hotel overlooking my incipient peccadilloes with a beautiful Bavarian. No one is visible: here—here's a sovereign for you.

—Har. [Giving the brooms.] Threepence — fourpence halfpenny. Oh dear! I've got no change!

Mon. (R. c.) Keep the change. Germany! I never

saw any thing like her in England, France, or Spain!—You don't know how I love you, you little devil.

—*Har.* (c.) You love a me? Oh, no: you love pretty lady—your own countrywoman for fraw.

Mon. I have no love but you.

—*Har.* [*Aside.*] Heigho!—The wretch! [*Aloud.*] No, no: do not think of poor Bavarian—you do love de English lady.

Mon. My dear, I dislike the English ladies; I do not know one to compare with you.

—*Har.* Not one?—Does not your heart pit a pat beat here—upbraid you? Not one—not one lady you like?

Mon. Not one: I never saw one half so lovely as you. There is an intelligence in your eye, a playfulness in your mouth, a joyousness in your manner, a *je ne sais quoi* in your figure, that I can no longer resist.

[*Attempts to kiss her—she screams—LADY PEDIGREE appears at the window—BILLY BLACK runs on and off again, L. S. E.*

—*Har.* Buy a broom! buy a broom! —

Lady P. [*At the window, L. F.*] Bless me! what is all that?

Mon. Confusion!—Lady Pedigree—aunt of my Harriet!

—*Har.* Dere, de English lady see your pranks! Oh, fie! [*Going to the window, L. F.*] Buy a broom, ma'rm! buy a broom!—Good for dusta de curtain.—Buy a broom!—*[Aside.]* You faithless wretch! [*Aloud.*] Buy a broom!

[*Exit into the hotel, D. F.*

Mon. Lady Pedigree, as I live! I am ruined! Harriet must be in the room with her, and I am undone by my amorous folly, past all redemption! Plague take that little “Buy a broom,” and her wares!—Lady Pedigree plainly perceived me. This comes of my cursed propensity for pretty faces! I shall never hear the end of this! Oh! Harriet will be estranged from me! [*HARRIET ARLINGTON, in a bonnet and shawl, appears at the window, L. F., with LADY PEDIGREE.*] There she is—she has seen all! I'll go up, and—No, hang me, if I can have the assurance! [*BILLY BLACK again appears, L. S. E.—as Montmorency turns, he touches his cap, and runs off.*] This mystery about Harriet, too—her sudden disappearance from London—[*BILLY BLACK re-appears, touches his cap, and goes off.*] Now what can that boot-catcher want, bobbing in and out? The pains that Lady Pedigree

took to seduce me here—[BILLY BLACK *again appears, and is going off.*] Come here, sirrah! [*He advances.*] Why are you fidgetting about after me?

Billy. After you, sir?

Mon. Yes, fellow!

Billy. I thought you might want something.

Mon. Want something?

Billy. Yes; perhaps want to have your boots cleaned.

Mon. What! in the open air—*a la mode de Paris*?—

Begone!

Billy. [*Aside.*] Wants to get rid of me!

Mon. [*Putting the brooms into Billy's hand.*] Carry these somewhere.

Billy. [*Aside.*] Hem! two halfpenny brooms! [*Aloud.*] What be I to do with them, sir?

Mon. Take them to Bristol, if you like, or to Jericho!
[*Retires up.*]

Billy. [*Aside.*] Going to send me a long way with them, that he may be off! Why has he given me the brooms? Give it up?—He has given me the brooms that he may brush. Here's two of them—I'll keep them; one will do for my hair, and the other for my teeth. I'll watch him.
[*Exit, L.*]

Mon. [*Coming forward.*] Harriet — Harriet! How shall I get out of this scrape?

Enter GRADY O'SHOCKNESSY, R.

O'Sho. Sir! sir!—master!—I wish to ask your honour a small taste of a question: I never axed before—I've my simultaneous reasons.

Mon. Speak, sirrah.

O'Sho. Is your love for this lady of the name of Arlington likely to lead to matrimony, or is it likely to—to lead to——

Mon. To what, sirrah?

O'Sho. To the love without benefit of clargy?

Mon. How dare so base an insinuation transpire?—Too happy shall I be to lead the lovely virgin to the altar.

O'Sho. Hem!—Then have a care: take care, in giving your hand, that you don't put your foot in it, and burn your fingers.

Mon. What do you mean?

O'Sho. Hush, man: the lovely virgin you speak of is mamma to the sweetest little child you ever set your eyes on.

Mon. You Irish villain! what has put this into your potatoe head?

O'Sho. A certain nurse-maid carries in her arms the very identical, particular, individual, infant.

Mon. You are a thick-skulled specimen of Hibernian stupidity!

O'Sho. My words shall be proved. [*Looking off, R.*] See, the nurse comes this way. I'll put the questions to her, and when she answers, you will trust to your own eye sight, I suppose. There is the nurse giving the child to the maid.

Mon. [*Looking off, R.*] There is an infant, sure enough!

Enter the NURSE, R., and crosses to L.

O'Sho. Sally—Sally, my dear! come here.

Nurse. I can't—my mistress wants me.

O'Sho. Stay one moment, Sally: you are a devilish pretty girl, Sally! What is your mistress's name?

Nurse. Oh, is that all you want? My mistress's name is Arlington.

Mon. [*Starting.*] What!—Recall that name!

Nurse. [*Aloud.*] Arlington, sir, Arlington!

O'Sho. She has recalled it, sir.

Mon. One moment stay, for mercy's sake: is—is that her child? [*Crossing to c.*]

Nurse. Yes, sir. Pretty dear! it's asleep now—tired with the fatigue of travelling yesterday.

Mon. Travelling yesterday!—Too palpable!—One more question: is your mistress related to Lady Pedigree?

Nurse. Oh, yes, sir; Lady Pedigree is mistress's aunt.

[*Exit into the hotel, D. F.*]

Mon. Corroborated by her own servant! [*Half aside.*] Am not I an arrant ass!

O'Sho. Yes, sir; and you might have been another animal.

Mon. Scoundrel!—Go and prepare my writing materials.

O'Sho. [*Aside, going.*] He is going to pen his last dying speech and confession. [*Exit into the hotel, L. 3d E.*]

Mon. That deceitful viper, Lady Pedigree! I wish I had my hundred pound note again! I'll go to London—to Paris—to Constantinople—to Bath, to wash away my folly!

Re-enter BILLY BLACK, L.

There's that little dirty dog again!—What do you want now, eh?

Billy. Here's a gentleman wants to speak to you.

Mon. A gentleman !

Billy. Yes, sir. [*Beckoning off, L.*] Come here !

Enter Post Boy, L.

Mon. Is that the gentleman ?

Billy. Yes, he's the gentleman that drove you in the po-chay the last stage but one : you forgot to pay for the chay, so the gentleman, you see, has come for the money.

Mon. [*Half aside.*] I was in such haste to mount the gray mare, I lost all recollection of chaise or driver.

Billy. [*Aside.*] Short memories are very convenient.

Mon. [*Taking out his pocket-book.*] Here's a ten pound note—[*Aside.*]—my last, egad ! [*Aloud, handing it to the Post-Boy.*] Bring me the change.

Boy. A ten pound note ! Perhaps the gemmen will be kind enough to write his name on it. [*Aside.*] Them forged flimsies are so much about.

Mon. Certainly—certainly. [*Giving it to Billy.*] There.

Billy. Come along, boy. [*To Montmorency.*] Sir, why am I like a West Indian blackamoor ?—Do you give it up ? Because I am going with a driver.

[*Exit with the Post Boy, L.*]

Mon. Harriet Arlington ! Harriet Arlington !

Enter LADY PEDIGREE from the hotel, unperceived by Montmorency.

I cannot be so unmanly as to expose your misfortunes to the world ; but for my shameless Lady Pedigree——

Lady P. [*Tapping him on the shoulder—he starts.*] I have ventured down quite unknown to my dear Harriet ; I am aware of the little trick she has played you.

Mon. Are you, madam ?—So am I. [*Aside.*] Little trick !—Little baby !—Exceeding cool !

Lady P. It was very ill contrived and silly, I must say. I was quite against it, but Harriet was obstinate, and would have her own way.

Mon. Yes, where there is a will, there's a way.

Lady P. In fact, I told her that disguise was quite unnecessary.

Mon. Did you, madam ?—It does you credit, madam !

Lady P. I perceive, Mr. Montmorency, that you are more than half offended at the discovery ; but I will take excellent care that such an event shall not again occur.

Mon. I hope not, Lady Pedigree.

Lady P. This little assumption of character can scarcely be called a foible, Mr. Montmorency.

Mon. Assumption of character!—Egad! I am apprehensive that the character is but indifferently supported.

Lady P. That I am willing to allow. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha!—Very childish, I must say!

Mon. Very childish!—And for that very reason I shall beg to decline the honour of all farther communication with Miss Arlington. [*Crosses to R.*]

Lady P. I am ashamed of you; you argue like a great boy!

Mon. When there is a little boy in the case, I think it quite time to argue, Lady Pedigree. Farewell, madam! no more! Live and repent! [*Exit, R.*]

[*BILLY BLACK re-enters, crosses, and exits after Montmorency, repeating, "Live and repent!"*]

Lady P. Live and repent! [*Calling.*] Mr. Montmorency! sir! I entreat! [*Exit, hastily, R.*]

SCENE III.—*The Corridor of the Hotel, as before.*

Enter JANUS, L.

Jan. This gentleman in No. 15 is, I fear, a bad character.

Enter BILLY BLACK, R., with a hand-bill.

I thought I told you to keep an eye on the gentleman in No. 15?

Billy. I kept two eyes on him, and he is now in No. 16.

Jan. He has given me an incorrect name and address. What do you think of him?

Billy. I'm afraid he is but a fluffy one.

Jan. Fluffy one!

Billy. Yes, your honour—fluffy: you might knock him about a good deal before you would get a halfpenny out of him—fluffy! When he saw I was watching of him, he axed me to carry two little Dutch brooms to Bristol, to get rid of me. He's been talking to the women, too: one he tried to kiss, and told the other, the old one, to live and repent. Oh! I'm convinced he's a fluffy one!

Jan. What have you there?

Billy. An and-bill—twenty pounds reward—stolen, a gray mare, fifteen hands high—swish tail—carries her head well.

Jan. Never mind that now; we must look sharp about us, and see what is to be done. If this gentleman in No. 15 had any luggage, I would not care; but, curse his maraschino and woodcock appetite! he has not even a hat-box! I know what I'll do. Go to the bar, Billy, and tell Mrs. Janus to make out the bill for No. 15 in a moment.

Billy. Yes, sir. Hem!—If you had lost a gray mare, where should you go to get her back again? Do you give it up? Why, to the White Horse Cellar, to be sure. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha! [*Exit, L.*]

Jan. I have, I fear, a thorough-bred swindler in the hotel.

Enter a CONSTABLE, R., with a hand-bill.

Well, Wiggins, what is the matter now? Since you have been appointed constable, you are always in such a bustle.

Con. Mr. Janus, it's a very unpleasant business for you.

Jan. For me?

Con. A gray mare has been stolen, and she has been traced to your stable.

Jan. What the plague!

Con. The groom who lost her has followed her here by description, and has sworn to her. I have asked your ostler, and he says the mare was brought here by the gentleman in No. 15.

Jan. [*Starting.*] The gentleman in No. 15!—Confusion!—A horse-stealer as well as a swindler! I shall get no bill, but a bill of indictment. Stay, Wiggins: we must keep this matter still in the hotel, or we shall alarm my respectable visitors. Go you down to the hall for a few minutes, Wiggins; and I pledge myself that the gentleman in No. 15 shall not stir from the house without you.— [*Exit Constable, R.*] I must get the amount of my bill before the gentleman in No. 15 is taken into custody.—Where's that infernal boots gone? [*Calling.*] Billy—Billy Black, I say!

Re-enter BILLY BLACK, L., with the bill.

Billy. Here, sir, missus has scratched the bill. Sir, what do you think? There's more news about the gentleman in No. 15.

Jan. What now?

Billy. There's the post-boy who the gentleman in No. 15 paid a ten-pound note to, is took up.

Jan. What for?

Billy. For trying to get the ten-pound note changed.

Jan. Is that all?

Billy. No, only the note is forged.

Jan. What! is No. 15 an utterer of forged notes, too?

Billy. (L.) I'll be hanged if we sha'n't have an execution in the town! Why is Jack Ketch like a shell-fish? Do you give it up? Because he's an oyster.

Jan. (R.) If I catch you at this again, William, I'll beat you. Give me the bill. Let me try and get my money before he's taken up. Go down stairs, and entertain Mr. Wiggins, the constable, for a few minutes.

[*Puts Billy over to R.*

Billy. Entertain him!—I will: I'll go and ax him a few conundrums. Why is a constable like an aid-de-camp? Because he belongs to the staff. No, that won't do: the staff belongs to him. No, that won't do; [*Seeing Janus approaching with his clenched fist.*] no, nor that won't do, neither!

[*Runs off, R.*

Jan. There's no reprieve now for horse-stealing.

Enter MONTMORENCY, dejected, from No. 15 — he does not observe Janus.

Mon. Lost! lost!—Now this discovery is made, I must go abroad.

Jan. [*Aside, L.*] Transportation at least!

Mon. (R.) Had the fatal knot been tied two months ago, I should have been in a more melancholy situation.

Jan. [*Aside.*] It will be tied quite soon enough, my fine fellow!

Mon. But now, without a ray of hope, I am decidedly turned off.

Jan. [*Aside.*] You will be young Pine-Apple Fritters!

Mon. Ah, Mr. Janus! I did not see you. Come to talk about supper, eh? I see you have the bill of fare in your hand: let's see what's the scarcest thing you have in your hotel; a person in my situation of life, you know, does not care for expense.

Jan. No, sir; I understand—[*Aside.*] a short life and a merry one! [*Aloud.*] Sir, I regret to say, that the scarcest article in my house is money. This is not the bill of fare, but your little bill: I shall feel obliged by the payment.

Mon. You are extremely punctual, Mr. Janus. I shall pay your bill, and quit your premises. [*Taking out his*

pocket-book.] A gentleman, Mr. Janus, cannot submit to this treatment; so I shall—Fire and fury! not a sixpence left in my pocket!

Jan. I can give you change, sir.

Mon. The fact is, I shall stay in your hotel for some days yet, and I will pay the last thing before I go.

Jan. Excuse me, sir; it is of some consequence to me to receive the amount of this bill immediately.

Mon. [*Aside.*] Confound it!—Where is my hundred pound note?—Devoted to the education of that sweet little infant, which ought to have been mine! [*To Janus.*] Strange mode of pressing for your contemptible account! I shall draw you a check upon my bankers in London.

Jan. Excuse me, sir, that will not answer my purpose. [*Aside.*] Another forgery! [*Aloud.*] I assure you, sir, I am all the money out of pocket for smelts, woodcocks, and pine-apples. The favour of the amount, sir——

Mon. [*Aside.*] Curse it! I never was out of cash before!—Pride forbids that I should borrow of Lady Pedigree. [*Aloud.*] Have you a bank in this place?

Jan. Yes, sir.

Mon. If I could see one of the partners, I could immediately assure him of my respectability.

Jan. [*Aside.*] More than you can ever do to me!

Mon. I'll go to the bank. Where is it?

Jan. I can send, sir—I know the partners. [*Calling off, R.*] Billy Black, go give my respects to Mr. Paperfund, and say I should be greatly obliged if he would let me see him directly.

Billy. [*Without, R.*] Yes, master.

Mon. To be actually detained for so paltry a sum—one can but laugh at it. I must e'en enter my prison, No. 15. If I have a propensity, it is to be cursedly in the dumps!

[*Exit into the room, No. 15.*]

Jan. There will not be any cash forthcoming, so I'll surrender him up to the constables. [*Looking off, R.*] Oh, here comes Mr. Paperfund, the banker.

Re-enter BILLY BLACK, R.

Billy. Why is Mr. Paperfund like a scraper, sir? Because I found him close to the door.

Jan. Begone, you rascal! [*Strikes Billy, who runs off, R.*]

Enter PAPERFUND, R.

Most obedient, Mr. Paperfund! A resident here wishes

to raise a little cash immediately on his acceptance ; there are sundry reasons why he could not wait upon you, so I took the liberty of sending. He is in that room.

Pap. I will see the gentleman, Mr. Janus.

Jan. This way, sir. [*Going to the door of No. 15.*] Mr. Paperfund, the banker.

Montmorency. [*Within.*] Your servant, sir.

[*Exit Paperfund into No. 15—Janus is following, when Montmorency shuts the door in his face.*]

Jan. There's a pretty fellow!—My own door shut in my own face in my own house ! I see how it is : he'll strangle the banker, and rifle his pockets to pay my bill.

Enter MORGAN from No. 18.

Mor. Hark you, Mr. Janus : I charge you with being in the plot against me ; I have not had a moment's ease since I left London ; I have searched your hotel high and low for the libertine who wrote to Mrs. Arlington ; I have still to call him to a severe account.

Jan. You are not the only person who has to call him to account, sir.

Mor. I shall renew my search for the Irishman, and make him discover his employer. Heigho ! and a-well-a-day ! They shall see how the spirit of a Morgan can be excited !

[*Exit, L.*]

Montmorency. [*Within No. 15.*] Good day, Mr. Paperfund.

Re-enter PAPERFUND from No. 15.

Jan. Well, sir, are you inclined to make him an advance ?

Pap. His name and connections are of the highest respectability, and he has referred me to a very responsible house in London.

Jan. What name might he give you, sir ?

Pap. Why, as to that, he desired it might be concealed from you.

Jan. Ah, it is as I thought !

Pap. What do you mean ?

Jan. Did he give you the name of Morgan ?

Pap. No : the name was Montmorency.

Jan. Or Fiddlededee, or Captain Swindle ! He has a dozen names.

Re-enter MONTMORENCY from No. 15, and comes down between them.

Mon. [*To Janus.*] You rascal ! why are you endeavour-

ing, by your falsehoods, to ruin my credit? [*To Paperfund.*] The cash, if you please, as soon as convenient, Mr. Paperfund.

Pap. Excuse me, sir: it appears your character is a little at stake.

Enter GRADY O'SHOCKNESSY, L.

O' Sho. [*Calling.*] Where's Mr. Morgan? where's my master?

Re-enter MORGAN, hastily, L.

Mor. Here is Mr. Morgan; and where is your master, you Irish jackall? [*Seizes O'Shocknessy.*]

O' Sho. [*Pointing to Montmorency.*] Yonder's my master, as bold as a lion, if I am a jackall.

Mor. That your master?—My Cambrian choler is rising! And what is his name?

O' Sho. Morgan, sir, Morgan.

Mon. Montmorency! Montmorency!

O' Sho. I never heard you called by that name before, sir.

Pap. (R.) Two names you decidedly bear, and it appears your own servant is ignorant of one; this looks like imposition.

Mon. Sir, I had powerful motives; and if I chose, for a frolic, to assume for an hour the very common-place name of Morgan, surely I——

Mor. [*Crossing to Montmorency.*] The common-place name of Morgan?—Dignity of my ancestors! what an insult!—Heigho! and a-well-a-day! [*Staring at Montmorency.*] The very fellow I met on the road with the fellow who cheated me at billiards! Mr. Janus, you have knights of the post in your hotel.

Pap. Oh, is it so?—A timely exposé. How dare you attempt to impose upon the respectable firm of Paperfund and Co.? Beware, young man; these actions will lead you to a bad end. [*Exit, R.*]

Mor. And how dare you take the liberty of writing anonymous love-letters to ladies you know nothing about? Answer that.

Mon. Poor old fellow!—This is the second edition of *Pap*, a shilling!

Jan. (R.) How dare you take the liberty of ordering and eating expensive articles, which you cannot pay for? You had better settle this bill before you go to the police-office.

Mon. Policc, scoundrel !

Mor. Yes ; and when you are there, I will appear to speak for your character, and the company I saw you in.

Re-enter BILLY BLACK, R.

Billy. Here's Mr. Wiggins, and the other constables, say they can't wait any longer.

Mon. Constables, too !—Admirable, i'faith !

Enter TWO CONSTABLES, R., followed by WAITERS, CHAMBERMAID, &c.

First C. Which is the gentleman in No. 15 ?

Billy. [*Pointing to Montmorency.*] That there, in the boots, Mr. Wiggins.

First C. [*Advancing, and laying hold of Montmorency.*] I apprehend you on a charge of stealing a gray mare.

Second C. [*Laying hold of him on the other side.*] If you are the gentleman in No. 15, you must go with me, sir, before the mayor——

Billy. [*Aside.*] Lawks ! here's another mare !

Second C. To account for the possession of a forged ten-pound note.

Mon. Gentlemen, a word—a word.

Jan. No bribery !

Mon. By some strange concatenation of circumstances, an extraordinary mistake has been produced ; I am reduced to the necessity of proving who I really am.—O'Shocknessy, which room is the lady in ?

O'Sho. No. 18, sir.

Mon. Beg of the lady in No. 18 to be kind enough to appear.

Mor. [*Going to No. 18.*] Come forth, my dear madam.

Mon. [*Aside.*] Dear madam !—Perhaps the baby is a little Morgan after all—a young Pap, a shilling !

Mor. [*Leading forth Mrs. Arlington.*] Madam, it appears that your presence is requisite here. Please to state, [*Pointing to Montmorency.*] do you know that gentleman ?

Mrs. A. I never saw him before in my life.

Mon. A stranger !—Every circumstance combines to plunge me deeper in the mystery !

[*Mrs. Arlington retires into No. 18.*]

Second C. Now, sir, the mayor is waiting—to the town-hall, sir !

[*Pulling him.*]

First C. Force him down stairs ! [*They struggle.*] Come along !

—Enter LADY PEDIGREE and HARRIET ARLINGTON, R.

Lady P. Hold! — What are you all doing with Mr. Montmorency?

Jan. Mr. Montmorency! — Is this Mr. Montmorency? and does your ladyship know him?

Lady P. I have the honour of Mr. Montmorency's acquaintance, and am astonished to see him in this vile durance.

Mor. Oh! if he is a gentleman, and you avouch for it, my Lady Pedigree, permit me to return a hundred pound note, which is his property.

Omnes. A hundred pound note!

[*The Waiters bow, and exeunt, R.*]

Jan. A hundred pound note!

Billy. [*Changing his tone.*] Do you want your boots done, sir?

Mon. Go along, you dirty little puppy! — O'Shocknessy!

O'Sho. Your honour.

Mon. To which lady did you carry my letter? [*Pointing to Harriet Arlington, R.*] To that?

O'Sho. No, no; to the beauty in No. 18.

Mon. And the infant belongs to——

O'Sho. To the beauty in No. 18; I tould you so all along.

Mor. My eyes are opened. Constables, I am Mr. Morgan, of Crickhowell: I am evidence I saw this gentleman buy the gray mare, and that he also received the ten pound note, which is stated to be a forgery. Please to retire; we will wait upon the mayor.

[*Exeunt Billy Black, Grady O'Shocknessy, and Constables, R.*]

Jan. It's all a mistake. Wiggins and Co., you may go!

Mor. And now, good folks, I must clear up much of this mystery, by discovering that two ladies of the name of Arlington are in the house.

[*Goes to the door of No. 18, and leads on MRS. ARLINGTON, who comes forward.*]

—*Har.* My dear cousin Honoria!

Mr's. A. My sweet cousin Harriet!

Lady P. And what brings you here, niece? How extraordinary a meeting!

Mor. And a happy one, too, Lady Pedigree; for I can now assure this lady, that her little baby is heir to the

Arlington estate, valued at a hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

—Har. [*Embracing Mrs. Arlington.*] I congratulate you, my dear!

Mon. [*Crossing to Harriet.*] Will Miss Arlington forget my neglect?

—Har. I neither know how to forget or forgive, when Mr. Montmorency forsakes me for a Bavarian broom vendor.

Mon. I am utterly ashamed of myself!

—Har. Don't let it continue, sir. [*Mimicing.*] Buy a broom! buy a little one for your baby!

Mon. And was it you? Pardon me, my sweet Harriet! I have a propensity for fine eyes; but, remember, it was the same pair that captivated me.

—Har. I forgive you, Montmorency; and if all our friends will look upon our errors with equal consideration, I will again play my part when called upon. [*Singing.*]

“And, while gratitude's tear in my eyelid is starting,
Bless the time that in England I cried, Buy a broom!”

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

LADY P. MORGAN. MONT. HAR. MRS. A. JANUS.
R.] [L.

THE END.

Adm. St. Charles

High Plains with House
for the best of the

West Coast of the

House and the

